



Donce Adds.
283.

THE
PRETTIEST BOOK
FOR
CHILDREN;
BEING THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ENCHANTED CASTLE;

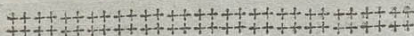
Situated in one of the
FORTUNATE ISLES,
AND GOVERNED BY THE
GIANT INSTRUCTION.
Written for the Entertainment of
LITTLE MASTERS AND MISSES.
By DON STEPHANO BUNYANO.
Under-Secretary to the aforesaid Giant.



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Church-Yard.

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Donce Adds. 283.



P R E F A C E.

AS a book, without an introduction (how small soever it may be) would be thought as great an oddity as a house without a door-way; and the author of it, perhaps, as unmannerly as if he were to enter into a room full of company without making a bow; it will be necessary for me also to follow the common custom. Know then, my pretty little readers, that having lived several years in the service of giant *Instruction*, the virtuous governor of the *Enchanted Castle*, and being obliged by particular business to take a voyage into England, I persuaded myself that I could not better employ my leisure hours, than by writing an account of the many rarities and curiosities which are still to be seen in that celebrated building; especially as such an account may not only

be entertaining to my readers; but may help to promote their improvement in many good and commendable qualities. It is true, indeed, that my language is very plain and homely. But what of that? As a good boy or a good girl is never the worse, nor will be less honoured and esteemed, because he is poor and wears an old hat and a tattered coat; so a good book is not a whit the less valuable (in my opinion) because the style is plain and in common use. Besides, as the good little folks, for whose improvement I am writing, have not skill enough, perhaps, (or at least not many of them) to make use of a Dictionary, I thought it would be most for their advantage to avoid all hard words and uncommon phrases, and to confine myself to pure *English*. I must acknowledge, indeed, that many petty writers, such as I am, have acted otherwise; and stuffed their little books with so many out-of-the-way expressions, and so many words which are borrowed from the learned and other languages, that at last they have made
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the inside of them as fine and tawdry as the gilt paper that covers them. But in this I think they have done amiss; for instead of instructing their little readers (as they ought to have done) in plain good sense, they have only taught them to talk *gibberish*.

Nor is this all; for some of them have likewise presented my little masters and misses with so many idle nonsensical stories, and such a number of silly and unmeaning rhymes, that they have, in the end, made greater babies of them than they were before; or, at least, they have done them little more service than if they had given them a rattle or a hobby-horse. Perhaps they will tell me that their only design was to teach them to read. But to read what?—For my part, I have so good an opinion of them (and why should I not?) that I believe them to be able, even while they are learning to read, to learn also, in some measure, to exercise their reason and understanding; and, of the two, the latter, I think, is the most de-

frable improvement. Nay, I am certain that I have met with some of them, during the little time I have been in England, who (according to their years) were as capable of thinking, and of understanding what is what, as their papas and mamas, or as the greatest Philosopher and Divine in the whole country! There's little *Tommy Alworthy*, and pretty Miss *Notable* for that, deny it who dares.

Look at them, here they are. One is busy in sewing, and the other in bestowing alms.



But

But before I proceed any farther, my little scholars, perhaps, will be curious to know who I am. Give me leave to inform you then (though if you took notice, I have done it already in the title-page) that I am an under-secretery to the renowned and virtuous giant *Instruction*, who is the governor of the *Enchanted Castle*. If you are desirous to know more of him, Mr. Newbery, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard, will give you every necessary information, when you apply to him for his diverting little book.

But to return to myself, I am, as you may behold me in the frontispiece to this little book. If I could, I would not boast of the beauty of my person, but I am far from having an opportunity to excite my vanity on that score. I am not ashamed, however, to confess, that I am a strange out-landish fellow, in a long flowered gown, and a hairy cap, with a long blue beard on my chin, and a white wand in my hand. But though you may think me ugly, despise me not: for as soon

soon as I rise in the morning I wash my hands and face, and comb my hair and my long blue beard; and before I venture abroad, or taste a morsel of victuals, I offer up my prayers and praises to the God who made me. It is likewise my custom to say grace before every meal, and when I have satisfied the calls of Nature (for I never eat or drink to excess) I return thanks to the bounty of Heaven. I am also careful not to tell a lie upon any account; nor to revile or quarrel with my companions; nor to use any profane or filthy language, not to cheat or impose upon any person, but to do unto all men as I would they should do unto me. When I see a virtuous man, or a virtuous woman, or a good little boy or girl, I love and honour them, though they are clothed in rags: and, when it lies in my power, I endeavour to relieve their wants, and give them sometimes money and sometimes victuals, or whatever I can spare; and all this, perhaps, is more than you do, though you are dressed in fine clothes, and have more

tarts

tarts and cheese-cakes every day than you can tell what to do with. But hold, I must not praise myself, or think I am better than others, because this is a foolish and a very naughty trick;—only, as I said before, I would not have you despise me, though I am ugly to look upon: for (as the old proverb says) “*Handsome is that, that handsome does,*” and therefore I may be a good man, and a very honest fellow, notwithstanding my hump back, and my long nose, which, to speak the truth, my friend the engraver hath made me rather uglier than he ought to have done. But before I finish my story, I must beg of you to take a little notice of poor old *Shocky*, the large black dog, who is the faithful companion of my travels, and who, in the picture, you see, is standing close by my side. He is, indeed, a very true-hearted creature; for he always follows me, whether by night or by day, through thick and thin, and though I should beat him, or kick him about like a foot-ball, yet he would not forsake me; though

though by the bye, I have never used him ill, nor never intend to do it, because this is a very naughty trick. But poor *Shocky*, however, notwithstanding he is but a brute, may put many a fine gentleman, and many a handsome lady to the blush; for these, it is well known, are too often so unthankful and unfaithful, that upon every turn of fortune, or when they happen to raise themselves in the world, they will immediately despise and forget not only their former friends and acquaintance, but even their own relations, and the very parents who gave them birth. Poor contemptible wretches! who are so far from having a just claim to the honour of humanity, that they have not the goodness and the virtue even of a dog!—but not to put myself in a passion with them, (for, believe me, I can scarcely help it) I was going to tell you that my old *Shocky*, my good old *Shocky*, though he is but a beast, hath a wonderful deal of cunning and sagacity. For though he cannot play at cards or dice, like the learned dog in
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the shew, neither would I have him, (as being no gambler myself,) yet he can do that which is to me more surprizing. For whenever I walk out with him, as I frequently do in many public places about the town, he can smell out a naughty boy, or a naughty girl, even at the distance of twenty yards or more. Whether the creature does it by any particular instinct, or by the influence of any certain genius or fairy, I cannot pretend to say. I must leave it to be determined by the philosophers when they have nothing else to do. But be this as it will, whenever I chance in my walks to meet a boy or a girl (however finely dressed or grandly attended) who is guilty of fibbing, calling names, telling tales, cheating, torturing birds or other innocent animals, flinging stones, or crackers in the public streets, playing with fire, or by the side of rivers or ponds, disobeying their parents, neglecting their books, or of any other kind of mischief or naughtiness; then immediately *bow-wow-wow*, cries old *Shocky*, and running

ning up to them with all the fierceness of a tyger, he seizes them fast either by the lappet of their coats or the tail of their gowns, growling and snarling all the while, as, if he would tear them to pieces in an instant. And so perhaps he would: but in this case, I always make the best of my way to prevent any mischief. If



my little prisoner is then willing to own his fault, and promise amendment, I give *Shocky* a gentle tap with my wand, and he quits his hold immediately: but if the boy

boy or girl should prove so obstinate as to refuse to do either, or perhaps turn impudent or sulky, and give me ill language, then he will be sure to shake them to some purpose; nor can I make him let them go, before he hath heartily frightened them and punished them to his own liking, even though I should beat him to pieces. O rare old *Shocky*! what an excellent dog art thou! and what a pity it is that there is not such another dog, or rather an hundred of them continually patrolling the streets to seize upon and frighten naughty men, and the naughty women, as well as the naughty children!—My time of going abroad is generally between twelve and two, or between five and seven in the afternoon. I therefore caution such little masters and misses who are naughty, and determined to continue so, to be sure to keep at home during the hours above-mentioned: otherwise it is ten to one but old *Shocky* will meet with them.

Thus then you have heard the story of Don *Stephano Bunyano*, and his black dog. Now,

Now, some of you perhaps may imagine, from the similarity of the names, that I am a distant relation of the famous *John Bunyan*, the pious and much-admired Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But as I have not the honour to be any way related to that truly worthy man, so neither have I the vanity to think myself capable of becoming his equal in that wonderful flow of invention, and natural simplicity and easiness of language, by which he is so eminently distinguished as a writer. However, such as my little performance is, here it comes: and therefore wishing, my little masters and misses, that it may be the happy means of making you good children now, and of preparing you to be good gentlemen and ladies hereafter, I shall beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your most affectionate friend,

And very humble servant,

Don Stephano Bunyano.

From my lodgings in the uppermost story.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Containing a Description of the Enchanted Castle, and a short Account of its Governor the Giant Instruction.

ABOUT four hundred leagues (or twelve hundred miles English) directly south from the Cape of Good Hope; which I must inform you is the most southern point of the coast of Africa; there is a large cluster of small islands, which by the natives are called the *Fortunate, or Happy Isles*. I do not remember, indeed, that I have seen them in the European maps; but if any person will be at the trouble and expense to go and search the seas till he finds them, he will then be as well satisfied of their existence as I am. As to the method of my getting from thence to England, and the particular business I am come upon, together with the length of time I intend to stay; these

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The Enchanted Castle.

are circumstances which are of no concern to the reader; and, therefore, as I am not disposed to waste either his time or my own, I cannot prevail upon myself to gratify an idle curiosity, by revealing matters which I have very particular reasons for concealing. It is sufficient to observe, that the aforesaid islands are called *Fortunate or Happy*, because the air is remarkably pure and healthful, the weather always mild and temperate, and the soil extremely fruitful. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at, that the inhabitants are very lively, and together with a hale constitution enjoy a plenty, and, indeed, a superfluity of all the blessings of life: nor is a mild and well-ordered government (which it will not be to our purpose to describe at present) to be reckoned the least of the many advantages with which Providence hath favoured them. As to their religion, they all profess themselves to be Christians: and though there are too many hypocrites there as well as in England, yet in general

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neral they are more virtuous and more devout than I have observed most persons to be on this side the water. It is also true, that they have different sects and parties there as well as here; but they are guilty of no persecution, rightly judging, that it is the greatest folly and madness for people to rob and imprison, or even murder one another (as hath sometimes happened in your country) because they cannot see and think alike. But there is one circumstance in which they are somewhat particular; and that is, that if they know a man to be in the least covetous or uncharitable, they will not allow him to be a Christian, but will even hoot and hollow after him as he walks the street, crying out, "*There goes an Idolater; there goes a Heathen;*" and indeed their opinion is right enough, tho' for aught I know, they may be a little too rude in their behaviour. Such then are the people from whence I came; and I believe, all things considered, we may venture, as

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they do, to call the little spots they inhabit, *the Fortunate or Happy Isles*.

But among these islands, which are twenty-four in number, is a very small one, (and indeed the smallest of them all) which by the natives is called the *Seat of Education*. In this little island, which is not above three miles long, and as many broad, stands *The Enchanted Castle*.

The form of it is a perfect square, which is four-score yards in length; and in the middle of it there is a spacious and a very beautiful court, which is paved with stone, and hath a fountain in the center that is continually playing, and casting up the water as pure as crystal, to a most surprising height. On each side of the building, both next the court and without, are very magnificent piazzas, which are all supported by large pillars of the finest marble, and form the most agreeable walks both for exercise and improving conversation, that I ever beheld: for at a small distance from the castle (or I should rather perhaps call it a palace) are rows of stately trees, which

strike

The Enchanted Castle.

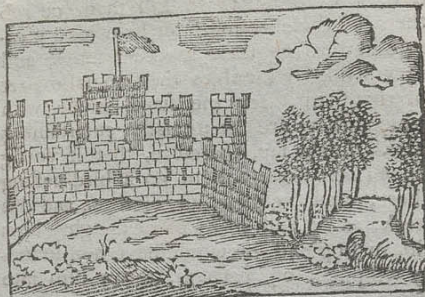
strike the eye with their towering majesty, and afford a safe abode to innumerable birds; a circumstance, which still adds to your pleasure; for these feathered songsters are continually entertaining you with their mingled and melodious notes, which together produce a perfect concert that is most agreeably softened by the distance between the trees and the piazzas. The ground before the castle, till you come to the trees, is very beautifully laid out into gardens, which abound with many spacious walks and grass-plats, edged with flowers and adorned with statues and fountains; and, in short, here you may have every thing which can either please the eye or gratify the palate. As to the space between the trees and the sea-shore, which is much the largest, this also is most agreeably divided on every side into verdant lawns and flowery meads, which are bespangled (if I may so express myself) with a thousand milk-white heifers and flocks of sheep, whose fleeces may vie in colour with the driven snow. Upon the whole,

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the situation is enchanting beyond my power of description: and for this reason I imagine, as well as for the constant serenity of the air, and the many wonderful curiosities which are to be seen, the building is called the *Enchanted Castle*: for, to speak the truth, I never saw any thing to equal it, whether for beauty or majesty, even in the wildest and most extravagant romances. Since I have been in England I have taken the trouble, or rather the pleasure, to draw a plan of it; which Mr. Newbery, I hope, though I am but an indifferent draughtsman, will be so kind as to insert in my little history when he sends it to the press. But I forgot to tell you, that in the whole island there is not such a thing as a dog, nor yet any stags, or other beasts of chase. The governor will by no means allow it;

for



for being (as he really is, though a giant) a very mild and tender-hearted person, he cannot endure, I suppose, that the blood of innocent animals should be shed for mere diversion; or else he thinks, perhaps, that if these creatures were to be suffered in the island they would spoil his gardens, of which he is indeed most remarkably fond. He would likewise be very angry if any person whatever should offer to disturb his birds, and much more

B 4

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if they were either to kill them or rob them of their young; for he takes a pleasure in hearing their innocent songs, and very willingly indulges them to take part of his fruit, for the sweet music with which they are continually entertaining him. I dare say, therefore, that if young *Dick Climb-away* was to go a bird-nesting there, and venture his clothes and his neck, as he and many other naughty boys do, in England, he would have him soundly whipped, or, perhaps, throw him into the sea. Such then is this happy island, which is called the *Seat of Education*: a name that was given it, because the people of condition in the other fortunate isles send their children hither to be educated: for giant *Instruction*, who is himself a very learned man, keeps a number of tutors and under masters to be employed for this purpose, among which number was your very humble servant, *Don Stephano Bunyano*, notwithstanding my office of secretary. But wherefore did I say *people of condition*? For here even the poorest boy may have admit-

admit-

admittance, if he is but a good one, and can pass through the forms of examination, which shall be hereafter mentioned: but if he happens to be a naughty boy, and brings a bad character from home, he would not be admitted upon any account, though he were dressed as fine as hands could make him,—nay, though he were the son of a prince or an emperor. For as to the idle wicked children who neglect their books, or disobey their parents, the good giant cannot bear to look upon them.

I call him the *good* giant, because he really is so. For though he is absolute governor of the whole island, and might do as he pleases, yet he believes that no man can be so great, or so rich and powerful, as to have any right to excuse himself from his duty. Some little boys, indeed, because they are gentlemen's sons, and are finely dressed, and eat and drink, as we say, of the best of every thing, are silly enough to think that they may do all manner of wickedness and mischief. But these are very stupid and very naughty children; and

and if they were ever to set their feet in the *Enchanted Castle*, or even come near the door of it, the good giant would spurn them out of his sight, or perhaps do something worse with them: for though he is himself a person of the highest rank, there is nothing which he holds in greater detestation than pride. He is likewise equally remarkable for his piety and devotion, for every morning and every night he will be sure to say his prayers; and as for public worship, he keeps a chaplain in the castle for that purpose, and not only attends himself, but obliges all his family to do the same. For he thinks it the duty of every good man or woman, as far as it is possible, to make all around him as good as himself: and whenever he hears of a gentleman who pays no regard to religion, he expresses his wonder how he can make himself easy either by night or by day: for "how does he know," says he, "but the same God from whom he received all his wealth, being justly provoked at his ingratitude and disobedience, may again

"deprive

"deprive him of it in an instant?"—And as to poor people he rightly observes, that the most likely way to secure the blessing of God upon their labours, is to love and serve him: "for no one," says he, "shall ever make me believe that so good a being as God is, will ever cease to love and assist those who have grace enough to love him sincerely, and serve him faithfully: though as to such who only worship him in pretence, or from worldly and interested motives, he will despise and neglect them, I suppose, as their hypocrisy deserves: and as all their religion is only intended to serve themselves, they may look to themselves for the reward of it."

As to the person of this truly worthy governor of the *Enchanted Castle*, he is indeed a *giant*, being considerably above the common size; for though he was never exactly measured, yet I am almost certain, that he is ten feet high. But then his shape is so well proportioned, and his features so regular and agreeable, and besides, he hath withal such a graceful mien, that

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it hath always given me a pleasure to look upon him, notwithstanding his monstrous height. His hair, which hangs in flowing ringlets down his shoulders, is of a colour like the brightest gold, and he hath likewise a handsome beard of the same hue. His dress is a large green cap or turban, which is covered with gold and sparkling diamonds, and a long purple vest, which is bound about his middle with a golden girdle, very richly ornamented with the finest pearls that could be had: all this, added to a blooming, and yet a manly countenance, which is full of sweetness and majesty, makes him, in my opinion, one of the noblest figures I have ever set my eyes upon. At present he is very little, if any thing, above thirty five years old: so that, considering his extensive knowledge, and the many amiable qualities he is possessed of, he may live to be an honour and a blessing to the human race, for many years to come, notwithstanding his being a giant. As to his pedigree, I can only inform you that he is descended from a very ancient
and

and respectable family. But I cannot help observing that, be his pedigree what it will, (and without dispute it must be very noble) he is far from being proud of it: for he believes that it is a very foolish idle trick (though many great as well as little masters and misters are apt to be guilty of it) to take a pride in honour of our birth; and that, of the two, it is much more creditable to overcome the meanness of our descent by glorious actions, than to disgrace and forfeit the nobility we received from our ancestors by a base and unworthy behaviour! O rare Mr. *Giant*! thou art indeed a very good sort of a man, and a very sensible fellow! Mr. Newbery, I believe, hath a very fine picture of him, and here comes a copy of it.



CHAP. II.

The Entrance into the Enchanted Castle.

WHEN any person, whether a gentleman or a poor labourer, (for it makes no difference) hath a mind to shew his son the castle, or get him admitted as a scholar, he must knock at the door on the west side; or, if he should not happen to know the way of it, which is sometimes the case, there are many good young gentlemen in the piazzas and the gardens, who will readily direct him, and make him a fine bow into the bargain. For here (and I think it ought to be so in England) the young masters are all very good-natured and very mannerly; otherwise they would be sure to snarl for it. As soon then as the door is open; and that will be immediately, for they do not love to make people wait, no not even a beggar, neither do they run gaping to the win-

windows to see who it is ; as soon, I fear, as the door is opened, up comes Mr. Alphabet, a very grave looking man, who acts as porter to the giant *Instruction*. " Pray, sir," says he, making a bow, " what is your business ? " If you tell him that you have brought your son to see the castle ; " You are very welcome," he says, but he will immediately ask you, " is he a good boy ? does he love his " book ? does he say his prayers ? " And several other questions of the same nature : " For my master," adds he, " will not suffer me to shew the rarities in this " castle to any naughty children whatever." And, to speak the truth, many young gentlemen who were dressed as fine as a prince have been refused admittance, only because they were naughty : but if you answer in the affirmative, he directly shews you into a large hall with a chequered pavement of black and white marble, and then pulling out a primer with fine gold coverlids and ivory leaves : " Come, my young master," says he, " If you are such a good " boy

"boy as your papa tells me, I dare say
"you must know your letters, both the
"great and the small ones :—" and with
that he begins to ask the name of every
letter as follows, both backwards and
forwards, and all the cross ways he can
think of.

The Letters are these :

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q
 R S T U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r f s t u v w x y z &c.

He then proceeds to the double Letters:

ct ff fi fh fl fb fl fi fk fl fr fh ft.

If your son should acquit himself here to Mr. *Alphabet's* satisfaction, he w ll next be examined in the simple syl: les as follows.

C

ba

ba	be	bi	bo	bu	ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ca	ce	ci	co	cu	ac	ec	ic	oc	uc
da	de	di	do	du	ad	ed	id	od	ud
fa	fe	fi	fo	fu	af	ef	if	of	uf
ga	ge	gi	go	gu	ag	eg	ig	og	ug
ha	he	hi	ho	hu	ah	eh	oh		
ja	je	ji	jo	ju	jy				
la	le	li	lo	lu	ly	al	el	il	ol
mame	mi	mo	mu	my	am	em	im	om	um
na	ne	ni	no	nu	ny	an	en	in	on
pa	pe	pi	po	pu	py	ap	ip	op	up
qua	que	qui	quo	quy					
ra	re	ri	ro	ru	ry	ar	er	ir	or
sa	se	si	so	su	sy	as	es	is	os
ta	te	ti	to	tu	ty	at	et	it	ot
va	ve	vi	vo	vu	vy				
wa	we	wi	wo	wu	wy	aw	ew	ow	
xa	xe	xi	xo	xu	xy	ax	ex	ix	ux
ya	ye	yi	yo	yu		ay	ey	oy	
za	ze	zi	zo	zu	zy	az	ez	iz	oz

The old gentleman will then examine him in some of the harder monosyllables, and afterwards of words of two, three, or four

four syllables, according to the child's capacity, and the improvement he hath made; till, at last, perhaps, if he finds him to be a tolerable good scholar, he will desire him to read a lesson or two in a little book, which he always carries in his pocket for that purpose, and of which I have a very accurate copy, I believe, in my large cedar trunk. After his examination is over, if Mr. *Alphabet* is satisfied with his little guest; for otherwise he will send him packing like a dunce and a blockhead; but if he is satisfied, he will desire him to cast his eyes upon the wall, where he will find a number of verses in golden letters upon as many slates of white marble, with a pretty little picture hanging to each of them by a silken thread. "There, my good boy, says he, "if you can read any of those verses, "and tell me the meaning of it, you shall "have the picture which belongs to it "for your pains."—Now the verses are these:

The Enchanted Castle.

A is an afs ; a poor dull lazy beast ;
His reward is a stick, and a bramble his
feast.

B is a beauty all cheerful and gay ;
But her beauty soon fades like a flower in
May.

C is a cock—up betimes in the morning ;
To idle young fluggards a very good warn-
ing.

D is a drunkard both ugly and black ;
And such are all those who follow his
track.

E is an emmet who works all the day ;
To reprove naughty boys who love nothing
but play.

F is a fox who loves cheating and steal-
ing ;
But the dogs will soon give him a grievous
sharp feeling.

G is a glutton who eats till he's sick ;
But the doctor and death will soon play him
a trick.

H is a hog, good for naught till he's dead ;
He's the miser's own brother, tho' much
better fed.

I is

The Enchanted Castle.

I is an image that looks very fine ;
But his head's without brains, and so (may
be) is thine.

J is a jewel that's little in size ;
And yet it is reckon'd a wonderful prize.
K is a king, and rules the whole nation ;
Yet he meets (though a king) with a deal
of vexation.

L is a Lion, the lord of the wood ;
But he's fear'd more than lov'd, as de-
lighting in blood.

M is a monkey that's full of his play ;
But, for want of employ, at no mischief
he'll stay.

N is a nosegay, all sweet and all fair ;
But when 'tis grown old, 'tis thrown by
without care.

O is an owl that's looks wonderful sage ;
But he's purblind and cross, and not fit
for a cage.

P is a preacher who teaches the town ;
Let him see that his life is no shame to his
gown.

C 3

Q is

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Q is a queen, all bespangled with gold;
But she'll die like the rest and be cover'd
with mould.

R is a rogue, you see how he fares;
Be sure you take care not to deal in his
wares.

S is a swallow not seen in the winter;
Like many loose friends who are not worth
a splinter.

T is a top which runs merrily round;
But like most other things it soon falls to
the ground.

U is a Uhlan who lives by his sword;
If he dies by it too, 'twill no wonder afford.

V is a vine which revives every heart;
But the juice if ill-used will soon make you
smart.

W is William who hated his school;
So that now (as you see) he looks like a
fool.

X was king Xerxes who warred with bold
Greece;

But he soon was obliged to patch up a
peace.

Y was

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Y was a youth who lov'd reading and
writing;

Which he found was much better than
swearing and fighting.

Wife **Z** was zealous; but in a good cause;

I hope you'll be like him. Farewell my
good boys.

These then are the verses; and if any
young gentleman should be scholar enough
to read them all, and properly explain
them, he will not only have his pocket
full of pictures, but good Mr. *Alphabet*,
who is a great friend to learning, will give
him a paper of sweetmeats into the bar-
gain. But when you take your leave of
him, you must be sure to thank him, and
make him a fine bow; for if you forget to
do this (as many naughty masters and
misses do when they receive favours from
their friends) 'tis ten to one but he takes
away your pictures and your sweetmeats,
or, it may be, drives you out of the castle,
to teach you better behaviour: and so
good bye to you Mr. *Alphabet*.

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CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Containing a Description of the Picture Gallery.

WHEN we leave the hall, the next place we are conducted to is a long gallery full of paintings, where, generally speaking, we are very politely received by one Mr. *Interpreier*, whose business it is to look after the pictures, and explain the meaning of them to strangers; for which purpose he carries a long wand in his hand, that he may point to the figures which he gives you an account of. Sometimes, indeed, you will meet with the giant himself, who takes a particular pleasure in viewing his paintings; which are indeed very fine ones, being all of them executed by the most able masters in the country. If he happens to be there, you must not fail to pay him the respect he deserves; and though he is the governor of the place, and as rich as a king, he will always re-

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turn the compliment, and, if possible, even out-do you in civility. But when he asks you any questions, which he will, tho' never any impertinent ones, you must be very careful to speak the truth; for if he once catches you in a lie, which he hates and abhors, he will bid you begone with such a terrible voice, that he will make the whole castle, and, indeed, the whole island, shake for it. So you must be sure, I say, to tell him the truth; which if you do, he will then attend you himself, and explain the design of every picture you see, with as much good-nature as if you were his own brother: nay, he is so extremely complaisant, that he will take a delight in answering any question that you may think it necessary to ask him, be they ever so many. A fine example this to the young ladies and gentlemen of Great-Britain, who, some of them, are so very proud and inhospitable, that they are displeased even to see a stranger enter their doors.

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The Enchanted Castle.

The first piece which will engage your notice after you have entered the gallery, is an admirable painting by one Mr. *Good*. It represents the parable of the cruel steward in the gospel, who, though his lord had forgiven him a large debt which



he was unable to pay, was so hard-hearted as to throw one of his neighbours into a stinking goal for a mere trifle. The surprise and indignation which is visible in the countenance of his lord, and the inexpressible

The Enchanted Castle.

pressible anguish and confusion which the steward discovers while he is receiving his sentence, together with the gratified resentment of the by-standers, who seem by their looks to upbraid him with his barbarity and triumph at his fall;—these are circumstances which do honour to the good taste of the painter, and give us a striking caution, that if we ever hope to be forgiven ourselves, we should be always ready to forgive the failings of our brethren. But for Master *Tommy Cross*, he is such a sulky boy, that if you once happen to offend him, he will owe you a grudge ever afterwards; so that if he had his deserts, he should be whipt, and that very handsomely, for every fault he is guilty of.

The next picture is the death of *Absalom*, by the ingenious Mr. *Dutiful*; and a fine one it is: for there you may see the poor unhappy young prince, with his

beau-



beautiful locks (which he was very proud of) fast entangled in the branch of a tree : so that his mule continuing her flight, left him hanging in the air, in the most miserable and helpless condition imaginable ; and to complete his misfortune, the hard-hearted *Joab* stands frowning by him, ready every moment to plunge the vengeful and un pitying dagger in his heart, notwithstanding his tears and cries, and the suppliant motion of his hands.

Alas !

Alas ! poor *Abfalom* ! how much better would it have been to have minded thy duty at home, than to have raised a rebellious, and unnatural war against thy father. I hope, therefore, my little masters and misses, that you will all take warning from hence ; and learn to be dutiful to your parents, and not to be proud of your beauty, or any thing else ; for *Abfalom*'s disobedience, you see, and his fine head of hair, were the cause of his ruin and everlasting shame.

But if we walk a step or two farther, we shall come to another piece, which is nothing inferior to the former. It represents the destruction of a number of wicked children, who made a mock of *Elisha*, crying after him, "*Go up, thou bald-head, go.*" One of them, who (I suppose was a little more impudent than the rest) stands pulling the old prophet by his gown, and endeavours to kick him ; while his companions, having discovered the two foaming bears who were rushing from the wood to devour them, are scampering



pering away as fast as their legs could carry them. This painting, I am told, is the performance of one Mr. *Mannerly*; and may be a good lesson to us, not to make our game of the bodily, or other imperfections, of our fellow-creatures; as also to reverence the pious and the aged, wherever we meet them. For it is indeed a sad thing to be rude and call names; but especially to a person, let him be ever
so

so poor, who ought to be respected for his virtue and his years.

I must now lead your attention to another famous picture, which hath been greatly admired by good judges, and is said to have been the work of the inimitable Mr. *Truceman*. It is called the *Liar's Warning-piece*. The principal figures in it are the apostle *Peter*, who looks sharp enough to pierce one through; and the abandoned *Sapphira*, who stares him impudently in the face, and, to the amaze-



ment

ment of the by-standers, confirms the lie which her wicked husband had told before; not perceiving his ghastly corpse, which is carrying off behind her after he had been stricken dead for his falshood, nor yet the angry angel who is hovering over her head, and already moving his sword to repeat the same vengeance upon her. This is, indeed, a very capital piece; and I hope, that when Master *Falfe-tongue* and Miss *Fib-teller* have read my account of it (and I must beg of Mr. *Newbery* to send it to them;) I hope, I say, that they will be wise enough to take warning, and, for the time to come, not to tell a lie upon any account; for it will be a terrible thing to be struck dead in that instant, in which a falshood is dropping from their lips.

The fifth picture which presents itself is the murder of *Abel*, which hath been very strikingly represented by Mr. *Tenderheart*: for that I believe is the name of the painter. As to my part, the scene is so wonderfully moving, that I could never

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bear

bear to look upon it without tears. Poor *Abel*! there he lies, with his face all covered with blood, and his body with wounds and dirt, still stretching out his hands for mercy, and crying, "Spare me, Oh, forgive me," while *Cain*, his flinty-



hearted brother, stands scowling by him, and lifts up his club to give him the last—last fatal blow. Inhuman brother! hold thy ruffian hand! and if it does not even yet shock thee to see thy own flesh and blood, the son of thy mother, lie bleeding on the

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earth,

earth, and begging his life at thy hands;—turn thy eyes to the innocent sheep, and other cattle around thee, who, with down-cast looks, are lamenting their master's fate, and upbraiding thee for thy most unnatural barbarity. But wicked *Cain*, however, according to the sacred history, actually murdered his brother; and, as might well be expected, was afterwards severely punished for so doing. A shocking instance this of the wicked and cruel lengths to which a man may be prompted to run, when he becomes a slave to envy, malice, revenge, or any other vicious passion! Take care then, my good little masters and misses, whatever you do, take care, I say, that you govern your passions.

There are many other pictures in the gallery, which are well executed, and as instructive as those we have been describing. But there are two in particular, which I must not omit. The first of them is a fine one of Master *Allworthy*; a young gentleman of such wonderful accomplishments, both natural and acquired, and

who

who had such a winning behaviour, and so many amiable and truly excellent qualities, that he was beloved by every person in the Castle; and was such a mighty favourite with the Giant, that he ordered his picture to be drawn and hung up in the gallery among the rest, as a lasting proof how much he esteemed him. He was, indeed, a very handsome person, and the painter (who was one of the ablest hands in the country) hath done him all the justice imaginable. He is dressed in scarlet trimmed with gold; and hath a pretty little lamb on one side of him as an emblem of his innocence, and a fine large eagle on the other, as a symbol of his courage, and of his great penetration and sagacity. "Do pray, Mr. *Newbery*, be so kind as to give us a copy of it: for I love to look upon it dearly." The frame



of it is equal to the picture ; for it is made of solid gold, very curiously wrought, and studded with diamonds. As to Master *Allworthy* himself, what is become of him I can't tell ; but one thing I am sure of, that wherever he is, or wherever he goes, he will be adored and beloved by every body. Oh ! what a charming thing it is to be a good boy or a good girl !

The other picture is, indeed, a perfect master-piece, and the most extraordinary
one,

one, I believe, that ever eyes beheld. It is, in short, a living picture ; for the figures are not only painted to admiration, but when Mr. *Interpreter* hath touched them with his wand, they actually move, and go through every part of the history which is represented, in the same manner as you must have seen little images made of wax-work, though when you apply your finger to the canvas, you will find it as smooth as any other picture in the gallery. From hence it is plain, that the motion is not performed by clock-work, but proceeds from some wonderful influence, which no one, I believe, can account for. It hath been in the Castle upwards of two hundred years ; and yet, for the freshness and the beauty of the colouring, none of the rest of the paintings are to be compared with it. Mr. *Interpreter* hath often told me, that it was executed by *Raphael* ;—not *Raphael* the Painter, but *Raphael* the Archangel. The history it represents is that of *Joseph*, which you will find particularly mentioned in one of

the Chapters of Genesis, where it is already so beautifully related, that I must refer you to the Chapters above-mentioned, which I hope you will not fail to read immediately; because it is, indeed, such a very entertaining and such an improving story, I am well satisfied you will not meet with its equal in any other book whatever.

CHAP. IV.

Containing an Account of the Giant's Museum.

SO much then for the picture gallery; where, if it were possible for you to go and see it, you would, perhaps, be more agreeably and more profitably amused, than at the large exhibition in the Strand. The next place you will be shewn into, is the Giant's *Museum*; which is furnished with a number of curiosities of a different nature from those I have been describing. I shall give you an account of four or five of them.

The first is what they call the *Money-cup*, which is a small basin that hath the appearance of China; but is as strong as iron, and much finer than the finest China I ever saw in my life. When you have taken it in your hands, Mr. Set'em-right, who has the care of the *Museum*, directly asks you if you have any money in your

pockets. If you have, (suppose it be silver or gold, it matters not which) he desires you to put it into the bason: when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye, it is all turned into powder, or, I should rather say, into little shining dust: and if you were to cut it in a hundred pieces of what coin you please, one after the other, they would be preserved in the same manner. "Now take notice," says the old gentleman, of what is passed. This cup, which my master would not part with for the Indies; this cup, I say, shews you the real value of your money. Money, indeed, hath made a great stir, and a great deal of mischief in the world, it has been the cause of numberless animosities between the nearest relations, and the most intimate friends. For this,—the poor are continually envying and hating their neighbours,—and the rich despising and oppressing the poor. For this,—the Kings and Emperors of the earth are perpetually engaged in cruel wars, to the destruction of their sub-

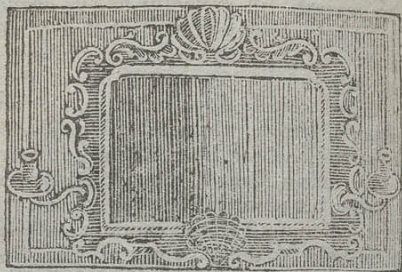
jects.

jects. In short, the love of money, as one observes, is the root of every evil. "But, after all, what is this money? this precious poison! this universal tyrant! Only look in the bason, and you will see what it is: it is neither more nor less than a little paltry shining dust! But such as it is, I do not want to deprive you of it; please, therefore, to take up that pen, and write what I bid you, and you shall have your money again." He then helps you to a piece of paper, and a little bottle which is full of a certain liquid, as clear as chrystal, and as red as blood. To the best of my remembrance, nay I am sure of it, this liquid is called the water of *Sincerity*. With this you are to write the words *Charity* and *Love* in large capitals; and then emptying the bason into the paper, your money will be restored in an instant to its former shape, and appear bright as if it came fresh from the Mint. "Now, (adds the old gentleman) you may put your money in your pocket. But pray remember, when you have

“ have a proper occasion to make use of it;
 “ as those words direct; for if you em-
 “ ploy it to any bad purposes, you may
 “ depend upon it, that it will again be-
 “ come dust, and of as little value as you
 “ have just seen it in the basin.”

The next thing he shews you is a very curious magnet, which it is very likely he will make you a present of, as he has always a number of them for that purpose in a large silver trunk. These magnets, I am told, are all manufactured by one Mr. *Civility*, and are endowed with a most extraordinary virtue indeed! for if you carry one of them in your pocket, it will attract and draw the esteem and the love of all around you, wherever you go, in the same manner as the common magnet or load-stone does a needle. But then you must be careful to be strictly just and honest in your dealings, and to be very kind and obliging to every body, doing as much good and as little harm as you can:—for if you are cross and peevish, and keep all

to yourself, and leave nothing for others, your magnet will presently lose its virtue. Nay, I have been well assured that it will receive a contrary power, and make every body hate and despise you as much as they loved and respected you before. I am certain, therefore, that if Master *Greedy*, or *Tommy Churl*, or little Miss *Cross*, were to have such a *Magnet*, they would be nothing the better for it, but a great deal the worse. You must also be cautious, if Mr. Set'em-right should make you a present of one, to return him your thanks, and make him a handsome bow: for if you fail in this, your Magnet will lose all its virtues in a moment.



Another curiosity is a fine Confidence-Looking-glass, which was made, they tell me, by the sagacious Mr. *Flatter-nose*. This is really a very valuable curiosity; for whoever looks in it will see themselves exactly as they are when they are affected by any particular passion or propensity, whether good or bad, to which they are more remarkably subject. Thus, for instance, if the handsome Miss *Fury* should ever happen to place herself before it, tho' she is reckoned, to be sure, a very pretty girl,

girl, when she is pleased, her cheeks would immediately appear to be red and swoln, her eyes all wild and fiery, and her lips pale and trembling. On the other hand, if little *Nancy Gentle* should ever look into it (though she is despised by some as a very ordinary child, and, indeed, hath but a very middling share of beauty) then the case would be altered. Her cheeks would be instantly covered with a modest blush, and appear to be adorned with the most lovely little dimples in the world: her eyes would be kind and lively, and her cherry lips would form the sweetest and the most engaging smile imaginable. But if *Dick Guzzle* were to view himself in the glass, he would be ashamed to own himself. His head would loll to one side, his lips appear blubbered and watery, his cheeks bloated as if he had the dropsy, and his eyes heavy and stupid, as if he were but just risen out of his grave, or had lost himself in a wood. In short, there are few people who could look in it without finding themselves altered (and that surprizingly

ingly too) either for the better or the worse.

There are many other curiosities besides these, which I have not time to mention, but when the old gentleman is in a merry mood, as he sometimes is, he does not fail to tell you, that he hath another rarity, which, if properly used, is the best and the most effectual cure in the world for a certain disease, which is very common in most places, and is generally called the *Idles*; and, with that, he goes to an old trunk, and produces a swinging large rod, which, to be sure, is a full yard long, and as thick as your leg. I hope, however, that none of my pretty readers have any pressing occasion for such a desperate remedy as this.

But before I conclude this chapter, I must give you an account of a very curious telescope or spying-glass, which is likewise to be seen in the Museum. It is about twelve feet long, and is the workmanship of one Mr. *Faith-and-hope*. If you only go to the window, and look thro' the telescope

telescope towards the east, you will see a sight which is the most glorious that eyes ever beheld; so glorious that the *Enchanted Castle* is a fool to it. It is a noble city, which is four square. The wall of it is a hundred and forty-four cubits long, and made of jasper; and the city itself is like the purest gold or the clearest glass. The foundation, which is seen above the clouds, is intermixed and garnished with the most precious stones that can be named. The twelve gates are twelve solid pearls: and the streets are of pure gold, as bright and dazzling as the most transparent chrystal. In short, the splendor of the place is so inconceivably great, that it hath no occasion either for the sun to shine by day, or the moon by night; the name of it is the Holy Jerusalem; and if you will take the pains, which I dare say you will, to look into the 21st and 22d Chapters of the Revelations, you may find a full and a very beautiful account of it. This, you'll say, is a very glorious city indeed! But, all glorious as it is, if you are a good boy or a good

a good girl, and read your Bible, say your prayers, and obey your parents and your teachers, this is the place which you will certainly go to after you are dead, and there be happy for ever and ever ; I say, if you are good ; for it is so fine and so pure a place, that there shall in no wise enter into it any that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.

So much then for the Museum, which is a very curious place, and hath entertained you, I hope, to your satisfaction.

CHAP. V.

Containing an Account of the Giant's Library.

THE last place you will be conducted to is a large Library, where the Giant (who is fond of his books) spends a great deal, and indeed the greatest part of his time : so that it is ten to one but you will meet with him here—especially if you go in the morning : “ *for the morning, he says, is a friend to the Muses ;*” and, therefore, in the summer, he commonly rises about five, and often before. What a fine thing it would be, if all my little Masters would do so too ; for,

“ Early to bed, and early to rise,
“ Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and
“ wise.”

Over the door is a fine inscription, in the language of the country, which runs thus: THEF EAROF THELOR DIS THEBE GINNING OFWIS DOM, and means in English, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom*: and so, to be sure, it is: for if a man knows ever so much, and yet knows not enough to make him truly good and truly happy, he is nothing better after all than a *learned Fool*.

As to the Library itself it is indeed a very fine one, being full of a prodigious number of books in all languages, and upon every subject you can think on. But among the rest, there is a very pretty collection of little volumes, beautifully gilt and lettered for the amusement of his children.

A catalogue of most of which you will find at the end of this history, and may procure them, by applying to your old friend Mr. *Newbery*.

When you have entered the door, you will observe, directly facing you, between

two

two large windows, a marble statue, like one of the old philosophers, which seems to look at you very earnestly, and to offer you a scroll of vellum, on which is written in golden capitals, THE QUINTESSENCE OF WISDOM. On the inside of it (for you must take and open it) you will find the following sentences;

"Set your affections on things above, and not on things below: for this world passeth away with all the glory thereof."

"The surest way to gain the esteem of our neighbours, is *really* to be what you would be *thought* to be."

"Be anxious for nothing; but in all things make your requests known unto God with thanksgiving."

"Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

"Bless them who persecute and evil entreat you; bless and curse not."

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"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estates, and be not wise in your own conceits."

"If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, live peaceable with all men."

"Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good."

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and, when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt; and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

"Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the King; obey your parents and your teachers, as

is sitting in the Lord; lie not to one another; be sober, be vigilant; keep holy the sabbath day; love thy neighbour as thyself; and, above all things, be ye clothed with humility, keeping a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards men; and after ye have done your duty to the very uttermost of your power, boast not thereof, either unto others or to yourself, and much less before God; but say we are unprofitable servants, we have done no more than we ought to have done."

When you have replaced the vellum scroll in the hand of the statue, you will immediately hear a wonderful voice, which will make the whole room echo, saying, "*If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.*" From whence the voice proceeds is to me a perfect mystery; for I can never imagine that it comes from the statue. But so it is; and so, they tell me, it hath been, ever since the library hath been furnished.

Another thing which will not fail to attract your notice is a marble altar, five feet high, of the most exquisite workmanship, and which is anointed every morning with the finest perfumes that can be had. On the eastern side of it is the following inscription. "*If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.*" Accordingly the good Giant, before he takes a book in his hand, always kneels down before the altar, and implores the assistance of the great Father of Truth: from which we may suppose, that he never looks into an author who is not capable of giving him some real and useful improvement, as well as diversion.

I dare say, therefore, that he never reads the History of *Tom Hickathrift*, or *Jack the Giant-Killer*, or *Goody Shipton*, or any other such idle stories; and much less any thing which borders upon profaneness or indecency; for these, to be sure, would be fine books for him to pray over!

over! It is likewise my opinion, and I'll engage for it, that most sober gentlemen are in the same way of thinking;—it is my opinion, I say, that if young masters and misses were to follow the Giant's good example, and always say their prayers before they go to school, they would not learn the less for it, but rather the more.

But before we quit the Library, it will be worth our while to take some little notice by the way of a *fine large parrot in a golden cage*, which hangs up near one of the windows. This is, indeed, a very beautiful bird, and so ingenious, I can assure you, that he hath learned not only to talk, but also to read. Nay, if you'll believe me, he is no stranger even to the Greek and Latin. Some will add that he can read Hebrew; though, for my part, I can't say that I have ever heard him. But, read what he will, poor bird! he does not understand the meaning of it; and the most he can do is to chatter a line out of one author, and a scrap out of another, without any propriety

or conception. Some persons, perhaps, will not think themselves to be much beholden to me for the compliment; but yet I verily believe, that there are such parrots to be met with in many a fine library in England. I hope, however, that all my little readers, when they take a book into their hands, will be resolved to understand it as they go along; and if they should happen to meet with a word or a sentence which they cannot tell the meaning of, it will be much better for them to consult their papas or mamas, or some other person who can assist them, than to continue dunces as long as they live.

The last curiosity you will find in the library, is an odd picture over the doorway as you are going out. It represents a tall, meagre, lanthorn-jawed, hollow-eyed, raw-boned fellow, who has his mouth as full of victuals as he can cram it, and the greatest plenty of all manner of provisions around him; some lying upon the tables, some upon the chairs, and
a large

a large quantity upon the ground. In short, he is almost buried in victuals, and really looks as if he would devour the whole castle. But this greedy and voracious wretch, though he eats so much, cannot, for the life of him, grow a single ounce the fatter, but, after all, appears as lean and as ill-favoured as if he had not tasted a morsel for a whole fortnight together. Nor is it a wonder, for he swallows so much, that he cannot possibly digest it; whereas, if he were to feed moderately, and take a little time, what he eats would then be of service to him. This, the Librarian will inform you, is an emblem of what he calls a *Book-glutton*; that is, a person who reads every thing, remembers nothing; or one who measures his learning, not by the knowledge he hath acquired, but by the number of books he hath gone through. Take care, then, when you begin with one author, not to meddle with another, before you are completely master of the first. With this proviso, you may, and, indeed,
I would

I would advise you to read as many good books as you can; for good books, if they are well understood, and well remembered, will never do you any harm, even if it were possible for you to read ten thousand of them; on the contrary, they will then be as nourishing to your mind, as a good meal will to your body.

If the Giant himself should be in the Library, he commonly presents you with a neat Bible; but, at the same time, he makes you promise very faithfully that you will read it through, and pay a strict regard to the contents of it. "For the Bible," he tells you, "is the very best book in the world, and contains every thing which is necessary to be known and practised to make you happy; but," adds he, "if you do not study it very carefully, praying to the Father of Light, to teach you the true meaning of it, and with a determined resolution (by the Grace of God) to pay a full and constant attention to what you there find to be your duty; "this

"this best, this most precious book, will not only be of no service to you, but will even appear against you, to your utter shame and condemnation, at the awful day of judgment."

After he hath given you this honest and very good advice, he generally introduces you to his family, where you will find his spouse, the lady *Good-example*, and his



five daughters, Miss *Piety*, Miss *Patience*, Miss *Charity*, Miss *Sobriety*, and Miss *Prudence*. His lady is a very fine woman to look upon; and her engaging presence, and circumspect behaviour, seldom fail to make a strong impression upon those who have the happiness to see her. As to Miss *Piety*, who is the eldest of his daughters, she hath a very noble look, and moves with the air of a queen, tho' she hath no more pride in her than a sucking infant: Miss *Patience*, who is commonly dressed in white, hath in her countenance all the innocence and meekness of a lamb, with the most calm and settled resolution that I have ever beheld: they tell me that it is almost impossible to put her in a passion; and that let happen what will, she is very seldom terrified or cast down. To the best of my remembrance, she never swooned away in her life. Pretty Miss *Charity* is the third daughter, and by many is reckoned the handsomest of them all. She dresses in green, and hath such a melting tenderness in

in her eyes, and such a sweet angel smile upon her countenance, that you can scarcely look upon her without thinking her to be in love with you; and, indeed, they say that she loves every body. Miss *Sobriety*, though she is the youngest but one, looks as grave and womanish as her mother: she dresses very plain, and as she spends but little, hath a purse full of money; and, if you take notice of her, she hath a very fresh and a very healthy countenance. The youngest of all is Miss *Prudence*, who is a very modest and a very steady little lady indeed. She looks as sharp as a hawk; but she says but little, and hates romping above all things.

After you have paid your respects to the ladies, which you must be sure to do in as complaisant a manner as possible, the good Giant himself will immediately conduct you to the door, and after thanking you for your company, and telling you that you are heartily welcome to what you have seen, and to bring a friend with you the next time

you

you come to his castle, he dismisses you with the greatest civility and politeness imaginable; and I hope, as opportunity serves, that you will make it your business to imitate him.

Thus, then, I have given you a full description of the *Enchanted Castle*. If you have met with any thing in this account, which hath been the means of pointing out your duty, it will be your wisdom and your interest to pay a proper attention to it; and in so doing I can assure you, that you will confer a great obligation upon your very humble servant, *Don Stephano Bunyano*, and perhaps engage me to communicate some other accounts, which will be as entertaining as the *Enchanted Castle*.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

A DIALOGUE written by Giant INSTRUCTION, for the Entertainment of good Girls; between Mademoiselle, Miss Julia, Lady Charlotte, Miss Harriot, Miss Sprightly, and Lady Maria.

Miss Julia. GOOD morrow, Mademoiselle: I have been a good girl a great while, and every body in the house loves me so, that I am as happy as a queen. Look at this pretty watch; papa gave it me, to shew me how much he is pleased with my behaviour.

Mademoiselle. Oh! it is very pretty! But, my dear, you say you are as happy as a queen; you suppose then, that all queens are happy!

Miss Julia. Yes, Mademoiselle; for it is a common expression, when a person is contented, to say, 'she is as happy as a queen.'

Mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle. They speak very improperly when they say so, my dear. I will tell you a tale upon this subject.

BLOOMING and FAIR. *A Fable.*

Once there was a widow, who was a good sort of a woman, and she had two daughters, both of whom were very beautiful: the name of the eldest was *Fair*, and that of the youngest, *Blooming*. They were named thus, because one had an exceeding fair complexion, and the other had cheeks and lips as red as coral. One day, when this good woman was spinning at the door of her house, she saw a poor old woman that could hardly hobble along with her stick. You are very much fatigued, said the good dame to this poor old creature; sit down a little and rest yourself. She then ordered her daughter to bring her a chair. The girls both rose up to fetch it, but *Blooming* ran faster than her sister to obey her mother's command.

Will

Will you drink any thing? said the good woman to this poor old creature. With all my heart, answered she, and I believe I could eat a morsel, if you could give me something that is a little relishing. I will give you every thing that is in my power, said the good woman; but, as I am poor, I have not any great dainties.

She then ordered her eldest daughter to gather some plums from a plum-tree which she had planted herself, and which she was very fond of. *Fair*, instead of readily obeying her mother, grumbled at this command, and said within herself, I did not plant this plum-tree, and take such pains to preserve it, for this old glutton. However, she did not dare refuse to give her some plums; but she did it frowningly, and against her will. As to you, *Blooming*, said the good woman to her second daughter, you have not any fruit to give to this poor creature, for your grapes are not yet ripe: True, replied *Blooming*, but I hear my hen cackle, she has just laid an egg, and if the

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good

Good woman will eat it, she shall be exceedingly welcome to it.

Without waiting for her mother's answer, she ran to fetch the egg; but the very moment that she presented it to this old woman, she disappeared, and a beautiful lady was seen in her place; who, addressing herself to the mother, said, I will reward your two daughters according to their deserts. The eldest shall become a great queen, and the second shall keep a farm. I know that I give each of them what they like best.

After these words, the fairy departed; and the mother and the two daughters remained very much astonished. Upon which, striking the house, it was immediately turned into a little snug farm.

They



They went into the farm, and were delighted with the neatness of the furniture. The chairs were only wood, but they were so exceeding bright, that you might see yourself as in a glass. The linen of the beds were as white as snow. In the stable there were twenty sheep, as many lambs, four oxen, and four cows; and in the court-yard all sorts of animals, hens, ducks, pigeons, &c. There was also a pretty garden full of fruit and flowers.

F 2

Fair

Fair beheld, without jealousy, the gift which had been bestowed on her sister, pleased to think that she should be a queen.

All of a sudden she heard the noise of the feet of horses, and coming to the door to look out, a king saw her, and fell so violently in love with her, that he immediately married her. Fair, being now a queen, said to her sister Blooming, you shall no longer be a farmer; come along with me, and I will marry you to a great lord.

I am very much obliged to you, sister, answered Blooming, but I am used to a country life, and am unwilling to change it for any other. Well, queen Fair departed, and was so well satisfied with her new way of life, that for several nights she could not sleep for joy.

For a few months she was so taken up with grandeur, balls, and plays, that she thought of nothing else; but, after a short time, a continual round of diversions began to pall, and vexation took its place. All

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the ladies of the court paid her a great deal of respect before her face; but in her absence they said, Bless me, that such a poor awkward country wench should be made a queen! the king has exceeding low notions to marry such a woman as she. This conversation came to the king's ear. He thought he had done a foolish thing to marry Fair; and as the violence of his love was very much abated, he soon began to treat her with contempt.

Poor Fair was ready to die with vexation; and she grew so pale and thin, that every body pitied her. She had not seen her sister for three years, during which she had been a queen, because she thought it would be a great dishonour for a person of her distinction to visit a poor farmer; but finding herself overwhelmed with melancholy, she resolved to go, and spend a few days in the country to divert herself. She asked the king's permission, who readily granted it, because he thought he should by that means rid himself of her company for some time.

The evening of her departure, she arrived at Blooming's farm, where she saw a great number of shepherds and shepherdesses dancing, and diverting themselves on the green. Alas! said the queen, sighing, many is the time that I have diverted myself like these poor peasants. As soon as she appeared, her sister ran to embrace her. She had an air of so much content and satisfaction, and was so hearty and jolly, that the queen could not help crying when she looked at her. Blooming had married a young peasant without any fortune, but he always remembered that his wife had given him every thing he had, and he strove by his complaisant behaviour to shew her his gratitude. Blooming had not a great many servants; but they loved her as if they had been her children, because she treated them well.

All her neighbours loved her likewise, and every one seemed anxious to give her the best proofs of it. She had not much money, but then she had no great need of it; for her own lands supplied her with

corn,

corn, wine, and oil. Her flocks furnished her with milk, of which she made butter and cheese. She spun the fleece of her



sheep to make cloaths for her husband and herself, as well as for her two children, which she had. They laboured with industry; and in the evening, when their work was finished, they enjoyed themselves with transport. Alas! cried the queen, the fairy has made me a bad present, in giving me a crown.

F 4

Hap-

Happiness is not to be found in the magnificence of a palace, but in the innocent employments of a country life. Scarce had she said these words, when the fairy appeared; I did not intend to reward, when I made you a queen, but to punish you for having given your plums grudgingly. To be happy, we must only enjoy what is necessary, and wish for no more. Ah! madam, cried Fair, you have been sufficiently revenged; put an end to my misfortunes. They are already at an end, replied the fairy: the king, who no longer loves you, is preparing to marry another wife; and his officers will come to-morrow, to order you to return to his palace no more.

It happened as the fairy foretold, and Fair passed the remainder of her days with her sister Blooming, in the most perfect pleasure and contentment, and never afterwards thought of a court, but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her cottage.

Lady

Lady Charlotte. Indeed, Mademoiselle, I am very much pleased with this story; I have always desired to be a shepherdess; I am extravagantly fond of the country, and I think I should desire nothing more, if I was a pretty countrywoman like Blooming; but then I should want some books with me.

Mademoiselle. I think you have a very pretty taste, my dear; but, in order to be happy in a course of life, we must have neither ambition, vanity, or extravagant desires; and that is very difficult. Without going into the country, you may be happy in any place, if you could but guard against those three faults which I have just now mentioned.

Miss Harriot. What is ambition, Mademoiselle?

Mademoiselle. 'Tis a desire of commanding every body; and vanity is a desire of being praised for beauty, wit, riches, or fine cloaths. Ask Miss Sprightly how miserable her vanity has made her.

Miss

Miss Sprightly. And it has made me wicked too; but, indeed, Mademoiselle, I have a great deal of vanity still, and it has made me commit a great fault since I saw you last. I'll tell it before all these ladies, that they may shame me out of it.

Mademoiselle. You are in the right, my dear. The best method to amend our faults is to confess them. Let us hear then what you have done.

Miss Sprightly. We were yesterday at my lady D—'s assembly. This lady is pretty old, for she has got children: she asked me how I spent my time. I am reading Quintus Curtius, answered I. What is Quintus Curtius, said this lady? O! said I, it is a very fine book, in which is the life of Alexander the Great. She said, I do not remember any king of England, whose name was Alexander the Great; and yet, when I was young, I learned by heart the abridgment of the History of England; but really I have forgot it. Instead of making a reply to what this lady said, Mademoiselle, I made
a pre-

a pretence to blow my nose, and put my handkerchief before my face, to hold my laughing at her stupidity; and I have been in company several times since, and have told every body of the ignorance of that lady, who had never heard speak of Alexander.

Mademoiselle. Indeed, my dear, you have been guilty of a very great fault; don't you think you have done this lady a great deal of injury?

Miss Sprightly. Yes, Mademoiselle; but when I was guilty of this folly, it was not with a design to do her any injury; but only to feed my own vanity, by making every body think that I was a girl of sense, and had read a great deal.

Mademoiselle. I assure you, my dear, they would not think any such thing. We have this morning made a visit to Lady B—. You know that she is a very sensible woman. What a wicked girl, says she, is that Miss Sprightly! yesterday she took pleasure in laughing at poor
my lady

lady D——. If she had been my daughter, I would never suffer her to go into company again; I had a great mind to box her ears. You see, my dear, that your vanity, or self-love, is a folly, which instead of making you esteemed, induces all the world to hate you. You have told every body that this lady is an ignorant woman; but at the same time you have made them believe that you are censorious. You have done yourself much more injury than you have her, who was the subject of your ridicule. Endeavour therefore to become good and charitable. Think before you speak, and ask yourself this question. Am not I going to say some ill-natured thing? Instead of making remarks upon other people's faults or imperfections, make it your business to observe their good qualities, and then all the world will admire you.—Now Lady Maria will tell us her history.

Lady Maria. Abraham loved his son Isaac extremely, but he loved God Almighty better, as indeed he ought. One day

day God said to Abraham, Take your son Isaac, and go up upon a high mountain, to sacrifice him unto me; that is to say, to cut off his head, and afterwards burn his body. It was the custom of those times to kill beasts and offer them to God, and after that, they were burnt; but it was God's pleasure to have Isaac instead of a beast. Any other person besides Abraham would have said, God has promised to give my son Isaac a great many children, but if I kill him that cannot be; but Abraham had more wisdom. He never hesitated when God commanded him to do any thing, for he knew very well that God could do those things which to him appeared impossible. Abraham prepared some wood, and ordered Isaac to carry it; and while they were going up to the mountain, Isaac said to him, Father, we have got wood and fire to light it, but we have not any beast to offer as a sacrifice unto the Lord. The Lord will provide us one, replied Abraham. But when they were got to the top of the mountain, he said

said to Isaac, My son, it is you that I am going to sacrifice unto the Lord, for so



he has commanded me. I willingly consent, said Isaac; it is from God that I received my life, and I ought to return it him since it his pleasure. Then Abraham piled up the wood, bound his son Isaac, put him on the wood, and took a great knife in his hand to cut off his head; but an angel of the Lord came and stopped his

arm,

arm, and said to him, Do not kill Isaac. God only wanted to know whether you would both obey him. Then Abraham unbound Isaac, and, looking up, he saw a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham took the ram, and offered him for a burnt-offering, instead of his son, and then they returned with satisfaction to their tent.

Miss Harriot. I was very much afraid, Mademoiselle, for poor Isaac; I thought he was going to be killed.

Miss Julia. But, Mademoiselle, it is a wicked thing to kill a man. How came God to command a wicked action?

Mademoiselle. It is not always a wicked action to kill a man, my dear. You know, that a great many are killed for being thieves and robbers. When people are at war, the soldiers kill their enemies without committing a sin. Besides, you see that God did not intend Isaac should be killed; and Abraham, who knew that God was just and wise, said within himself, since God has commanded me to do it, there can

be no evil in it, for God never commanded a sin to be committed.

Lady Maria. Isaac was a good child, and I will be as obedient as he was. If God should tell my mamma to kill me, I would say to her, I submit to it with all my heart.

Mademoiselle. He will not tell your mamma to do so; but perhaps he may order the fever, the small-pox, or any other illness to do it. If he will not demand your life, perhaps he will take your eyes, your ears, or any other part of your body. Therefore, when you are sick, you should say, like Isaac, Lord, it is you that has given me life; if you will take it from me by this sickness, I will readily consent to it. Miss Julia, you are very dull of hearing; another may have sore eyes, &c. Say therefore, with all your heart, Lord, every thing is thine; if it be thy pleasure to make me deaf or blind, *thy will be done.* And when we lose a fortune, or every thing we have in the world, we should think and say, I know very well that God

loves

loves me, since he has deprived me of these things, they were not good for me, if they had been good for me, I am very sure God would not have taken them from me.

Lady Charlotte. If we could always think in this manner, Mademoiselle, we should never make ourselves uneasy at any thing.

Mademoiselle. Very true, my dear; it is from considering things in this just light, that many people who appear to us to be very unfortunate, are nevertheless very happy; and in like manner as we ought cheerfully to acquiesce under the misfortunes with which the Almighty may see fit to afflict us, so ought we to apply to him to supply all our wants: he is so good, that he will not be offended at such freedom. We must ask him, in general, for all those things which are necessary for us.

Lady Maria. But God knows very well that we have occasion for these things
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therefore it is not necessary that we should ask him.

Mademoiselle. Pardon me, my dear; he knows that we have occasion for bread, and yet Jesus Christ has ordered us to ask it every day, in the prayer which he has taught us. Don't you say, in your prayers every morning and night, *Give us this day our daily bread?*

Miss Julia. That's very true, Mademoiselle; but I have never considered it attentively.

Lady Charlotte. For my part, I always pray to God for every thing I want. When I begin my lessons, I always beg of him to give me grace to learn them. When papa, mamma, or my sisters, are sick, I pray to him to restore them. When I have a great desire to have any thing, I entreat the Lord to incline mamma to give it me; and God is so very good, he always grants me every reasonable request.

Mademoiselle. Always continue this practice, my dear. Let us, my dear children,

dren, look upon God as our indulgent father and gracious master. A child may boldly ask a father for things that are just; and a servant may take the same liberty with a master. But as we are not sensible of our real wants, and as we may ask for things which are not proper for us, let us always say, Lord, grant me this thing, if it is for thy glory and my own salvation.—Now let us try if we cannot say something of geography. The last time we met, we spoke of the names which are given to the different parts of the earth; that is to say, of a continent, an island, a peninsula, an isthmus, and a cape; to-day we must learn the different names which are given to the different parts of water.

Do you observe this large mass of water? It is called the ocean, or the sea.—There are four parts which take their names from the coasts or parts of the earth, near which they are situated. The South Sea, the North Sea, the Oriental Ocean, and the Western Ocean. That part of the sea which advances into the

land, they call a gulf: a bay is a gulf that has a capacious mouth: the Archipelago is a sea in which there are a number of islands: a Streight is a passage between one sea and another: a Lake is a body of water, surrounded on all sides by the land; and a River is water which is continually running. Take notice of this, children.

Miss Julia. Yes, Mademoiselle: a Gulf is a part of the sea which runs into the land; as the Gulf of Venice: a Streight is an arm of the sea which joins two seas together; as the Straights of Gibraltar, which join the main ocean to the Mediterranean Sea.

Mademoiselle. Very well: they call that a Streight also which is bound in by two lands. Look at the map; between the island of Corsica, and the island of Sardinia, you see there is a little arm of the sea. It is called the Straights of Boniface.

Miss Sprightly. Pray, Mademoiselle, why is the narrow part of the sea which

is

is between Italy and Sicily, called the Pharos of Messina? What is the signification of the word Pharos?

Mademoiselle. I don't understand Greek, my dear; and this word is derived from the Greek language. But we may be able to find out the meaning. Ships that are out at sea cannot come within a certain distance of land without danger: a light is therefore put on the sea-shore to give notice that land is not far off, which cautions the sailors from approaching too near. Ptolemy, one of the kings of Egypt, built such a beautiful marble watch-tower, that it was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. A light was placed upon the top of this tower to warn the ships during the night, and ever since that time they have been called Pharos's; and it is from one of these towers, the Pharos of Messina, that this streight takes its name. We may therefore suppose, that the word Pharos signifies a light to guide the ships in the night.

Lady Maria. Then the lamps which are at our doors are Pharos's.

Mademoiselle. Yes, my dear.

Miss Harriot. You told us there were seven wonders of the world; pray what are the rest?

Mademoiselle. If I remember right, they are the walls and gardens of Babylon, the Pharos of Alexandria, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Labyrinth of Minos in the Island of Crete, and the Pyramids of Egypt.

CHAP. VII.

Mademoiselle, Lady Maria, Miss Julia, Miss Sprightly, Miss Harriot, and Lady Charlotte.

Lady Maria. GOOD morrow, *Mademoiselle*, will you tell us a pretty fairy tale to-day?

Mademoiselle. No, my dear, but instead of a fairy tale, *Lady Charlotte* will tell us the fable of the Labyrinth, which is one of the seven wonders of the world. But you must take notice, when I call it fable, I would not have you think it all entirely false, and that there never was such a place as the Labyrinth, or such men as Minos, Theseus, and the others, whom you will presently hear mentioned: no, my dears, I would only insinuate to you, that truth is here adulterated with fiction; and that romance is interwoven with the real exploits of those persons. Come, *Lady Charlotte*, begin.

Lady Charlotte. There was a king of Crete, named Minos. The Athenians having killed his son, he declared war against them, obtained a victory, and condemned the Athenians to give him every nine years, seven boys and seven girls, to be devoured by the Minotaur. This Minotaur was a monster, half a man, and half a bull; and lived in a house which was called a Labyrinth. This house was built in such a manner, that no person, when they were once got in, could find their way out again without a guide, for it had a thousand turnings and windings. So the poor Athenians which were shut up there, if they could have escaped being devoured by the monster, would have died with hunger. The son of the king of Athens, whose name was Theseus, resolved to go into Crete with the young men that were sent there, in order to kill the Minotaur. When he was arrived in this country, the daughter of Minos, whose name was Ariadne, became enamoured

moured with him; and he promised, if she would save his life, he would in return take her into his own country and marry her. Upon which Ariadne gave him a clue of thread, bidding him tie one end of it to the door of the Labyrinth, while he held the rest of it in his hand, and unwound it as he went forward. He followed her directions, met the Minotaur, killed him, and, guided by the faithful clue, found his way back to the door, and came safe out. By this means the Athenians were delivered from the oppressive tribute which they were laid under, of sending so many of their young people to be devoured by that ravenous monster. Now, when Theseus set out on his return to Athens, Ariadne accompanied him, but he soon despised her, my dears, (for that is the natural consequence of a young lady's going off with a man in such a manner.) They landed on an island; where, one morning, while she was fast asleep, he got up, went

went on board his ship and left her. When Ariadne awaked, and found the vessel gone, she cried sadly, and was sorry she had forsaken her father's palace, but it was too late. While she was deploring her misfortune, Bacchus, the God of wine, passed by, and Ariadne being very beautiful, he took pity on her and married her. A crown which she had upon her head, Bacchus threw up to Heaven, and it was changed into a constellation, which is still called after her name. Theseus, at his departure from home, promised his old father Egeus, that if he conquered the Minotaur, he would upon his return, put out a white flag on his ship as a signal of his success; but he forgot his promise, and his father, who, during his absence went daily to the sea-side to wait his arrival, one day saw the vessel enter the port, without a white flag, and thinking his son was dead, he threw himself into the sea and was drowned. Theseus sent presents to the god Apollo,

Apollo, to express his thanks for his success, and gave orders that the same vessel should go annually with presents in the same manner, which was ever after observed, and no one could be put to death till this ship returned to Athens.

Miss Julia. Theseus was a very wicked man, Mademoiselle, to leave this poor princess so, who had saved his life.

Mademoiselle. Very true, my dear; but if he had not left her in that manner, he must have married her; and no one chooses to marry a young woman that runs after the men. While he had occasion for her assistance, he made the finest promises in the world; but the men don't think themselves obliged to perform the promises which they make to a woman: they are delighted at being able to deceive them, and make a jest of them afterwards. I told Lady Such-a-One, say they, that she was handsome, and that I was dying for love of her, and she was foolish enough to believe me.

Lady

The Enchanted Castle.

Lady Maria. Fye, that is very naughty to tell such a lie. But are all the men like Theseus, Mademoiselle? Is there not some rule to judge between a man that loves in earnest, and one that loves in jest?

Mademoiselle. Yes, my dear. Let us suppose you to be a great girl, and that a gentleman should fall in love with you.—If he is in earnest he won't mention it to you; but he will go to your papa and mamma, and say to them, your daughter is an amiable lady; if you will bestow her on me in marriage, I shall be much obliged to you, for I have a great esteem for her. But when a gentleman is in jest, he will tell you privately, that he loves you, and will desire you not to mention it to your papa and mamma.

Lady Maria. Mighty well, Mademoiselle! and I would immediately say to him; Sir, I'll tell my papa that you love me; and then how foolish he would look, if he said it to me only in jest! Would he not, Mademoiselle?

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The Enchanted Castle.

Mademoiselle. Yes, my dear; he would be ashamed of himself, and you must be as good as your word, and not fail to acquaint your papa and mamma with it; but you must tell it only to them, and not to your most intimate friend, nor even your woman.

Miss Sprightly. Mademoiselle, I should be very glad to know what part of the fable which Lady Charlotte just now repeated is founded on truth.

Mademoiselle. Almost the whole, my dear. Instead of a monster, the Minotaur was a certain commander, named Taurus; the clue of thread was a map of the labyrinth that Ariadne gave Theseus; and Ariadne was not married to Bacchus, but one of his priests. Now I will explain to you the other four wonders of the world. The walls of Babylon encompassed that great city, the capital of the greatest empire in the world. They were fifty miles in circumference, two hundred feet high, and so wide that six chariots could be
drove

drove a-breast on them. The hanging gardens of Babylon were as wonderful as the walls. The Colossus of Rhodes was a statue of Apollo, cast in brass, which the Rhodians dedicated to him, and erected at the entrance of the port of the city of Rhodes; it was so very large, and the feet were placed on two rocks, so wide asunder, that vessels passed with full sail betwixt the legs; but it was thrown down by an earthquake. The temple of Diana was a superb edifice in the city of Ephesus, dedicated to the goddess Diana. Herodotus was so extravagantly foolish as to burn it down, to render himself famous in history. The Pyramids of Egypt are famous piles of building, erected above four thousand years ago, and are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Grand Cairo. They served as sepulchres for the Kings of Egypt. They were twenty years in building the largest, though three hundred and sixty-six men were continually at work on it. There was an inscription en-

graven on it, importing, that it cost one thousand eight hundred talents (which is about four hundred thousand pounds) only for onions, leeks, garlic, and other things of that nature for the workmen. But we have had enough of fables; now let us say something of geography. Let us take our map. We shall now divide Europe into three principal parts. The northern part, the middle, and the southern part. The northern part contains from west to east, the British isles, which consist of two large, and a great number of small islands. The most considerable of them is Great Britain, in which are two united kingdoms; England on the south, and Scotland on the north. The other smaller island is called Ireland.

Lady Maria. I never knew that I lived in Great-Britain before.

Mademoiselle. You do, indeed, my dear; London is the chief or capital city of England, Edinburgh of Scotland, and Dublin of Ireland. These three kingdoms

doms are under the government of one prince, who is called King of Great-Britain. On the east of England, here is Denmark, the capital of which is Copenhagen in the island of Zealand. Norway, which lies on the north of Denmark, belongs also to the King of Denmark; its capital city is Christiana: Iceland is governed by the same king, an island more to the north of Europe than England. On the east side of Norway you will find Sweden, round the gulf of Baltenia on the Baltic Sea. Stockholm is the capital of Sweden. Lastly, on the east side of Sweden you will find Russia or Muscovy, a very fine country, whose capital is called Moscow, but Petersburg is now the finest city, and the usual residence of the Emperess, and the whole court of Russia. These are then the five principal parts which lie in the north of Europe; do not forget them. When we meet again we will observe those in the middle.

Miss

Miss Sprightly. Yesterday, Mademoiselle, in the French Magazine, I read the Life of Peter the Great, who built the city of Petersburg. I think it more and more like the story of Prince Charmer, which you told us some days ago.

Mademoiselle. It is almost the same, my dear; and Prince Absolute has some resemblance of Charles the XII. King of Sweden. I will lend you his history when you have done reading Mr. Rollin. Come, ladies, let us hear what progress you have made in the sacred history.

Lady Maria. When Isaac was married to Rebecca, he prayed to God to send him children. He had two sons; the name of the eldest was Esau, and the name of the second Jacob. You know very well, ladies, that very frequently among people of quality, the eldest has the title of Lord, and the second has not; so they were called my lord Esau and master Jacob. One day my lord went to the chase, and when he returned home, he was very hungry.

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Mr.

Mr. Jacob had just made some porridge of lentiles, and was going to eat it. My lord Esau said, Brother, give me some of your porridge. I made it for myself, answered Mr. Jacob, but if you will give me your title you shall have it. Esau, who was a glutton, complied, and sold his title for this mess of porridge. Therefore Jacob became the eldest, and was my lord, and Esau was only master.

Mademoiselle. You see, ladies, what gluttony causes. It is a vile fault. It is not only a sin to be a glutton, but it makes people sick, stupid, and shortens their days; but I will say no more upon this article; I have a much better opinion of you, my children, than to think you are gluttons. It is so vulgar and so shameful a vice, that I would not suffer a young lady whom I thought to be a glutton, to keep you company.—You blush, Miss Harriot; what, have you had the misfortune to commit a fault of this kind?

Miss

Miss Harriot. Yes, Mademoiselle. A few days ago my maid would not give me some tea in the evening, and I cried above an hour about it,

Mademoiselle. You must endeavour to get the better of this naughty crime, my love; and if you will be a good girl, and have me continue to love you, you must repair the fault you have committed; and how will you do it, my dear?

Miss Harriot. I won't drink a drop of tea for a week: but then, Mademoiselle, you must promise me not to think any more of the folly which I have committed.

Mademoiselle. Why do you think I would, my dear? When we are sorry for our faults, and endeavour to mend, God himself forgets them; and I assure you I shall not remember them. Now tell us your history, my dear.

Miss Harriot. Esau did not love his brother Jacob, because he had bought his title of him, and had robbed him of his

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blessing. Rebecca said to Jacob, I am afraid your brother Esau intends to kill you; therefore, my son, go to your uncle Laban, and stay with him a few days, till your brother's anger is blown over. Laban had two daughters. Leah, the eldest, was very plain, but Rachael, the youngest, was very handsome. Jacob fell in love with Rachael, and asked Laban to give her to him in marriage: who said to him, I will give you my daughter Rachael, if you will be my servant for seven years. Jacob consented to it, and he loved Rachael so well, that seven years appeared to him but as so many days. At the end of this time he thought he had married Rachael: but Laban deceived him, and put his daughter Leah into the bed. As Jacob went without a candle, he did not perceive that his father-in-law had cheated him; but in the morning, when it was day-light, he was sorely vexed. Laban said to him, It is not customary in this country to marry the youngest

youngest before the eldest; but if you will serve me seven years longer, in a week's time I will give you Rachael. Jacob consented to it; and at the end of that time Laban desired he would continue with him longer, and promised him a great reward. But he only sought to deceive him; yet that did not hinder Jacob from becoming very rich. He did not love his wife Leah: so God had compassion on her. He gave her a great number of children, and Rachael had not any. At length, however, she had one son, who was named Joseph. At this Jacob left his father-in-law, Laban, and returned to his own country. But before he was arrived there, he was informed that his brother Esau was coming with a great number of armed men to meet him. He was sadly frightened, but God sent an angel to encourage him: and Jacob made presents to his brother to appease his anger.

Mademoiselle. Come, Miss Julia, tell us your history.

Miss Julia. Jacob, and his whole family, settled near the city of Shechem. He had twelve sons, and a daughter, named Dinah. This young woman, being curious, wanted to go out to see the young women of Shechem. She therefore went, and the king's son happening to see her, he fell in love with her, and carried her off. Jacob's sons, being informed of this, fell into a great passion; but the king said to them, Do not be angry, give my son your sister for a wife, and let us be friends with each other. Dinah's brothers consented to this; but two of them, Simeon and Levi, were resolved to be revenged. They treacherously murdered the king, his son, and all the men of Shechem, and put their wives in prison. When Jacob heard of these wicked proceedings, he was very angry with them, and was afraid it would give rise to a war from the neighbouring towns. But God comforted him, and promised him, as he had done before to

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Abraham and Isaac, that he would give to his children the country where he then dwelt. After this, Jacob left that place, and went to Bethel, afterwards called Bethlehem. After their arrival there, Rachael had another son, and died soon after he was born, having named him Benoni, that is, the child of sorrow; but his father gave him the name of Benjamin, and Rachael was buried near Bethlehem.

Miss Sprightly. It appears to me, Mademoiselle, that all Jacob's children were not good; for Simeon and Levi were very unjust, as well as cruel, to kill all the inhabitants of the city of Shechem, since they were not guilty.

Mademoiselle. They were almost all wicked, my dear, as you will perceive by-and-by. Judah, the eldest, committed great crimes; but Joseph was a very good man.

Lady Charlotte. Good God! there is so much pleasure in doing our duty, that I cannot conceive how any body can be

wicked. For my part, I am so uneasy in my mind, when I have done a fault, that I cannot sleep a wink all night long: and surely Simeon and Levi, who murdered all those people, could not enjoy any happiness.

Mademoiselle. No, my dear; when people begin to be wicked, their consciences sting them; but if, notwithstanding such admonitions, they still go on in their crimes, remorse wears off by degrees, and at length the voice of conscience is totally stifled, which is the greatest misfortune that can possibly happen. Observe too, my dear children, how dangerous it is for a young lady to be curious, and to love gadding abroad: if Dinah had been contented to stay at home, she would not have caused all these terrible misfortunes. Women are made for retirement, and ought to bring themselves to love it; I have but a very mean opinion of a young lady that loves to be always rambling about. Some time ago, I
told

told you, it was a woman's duty to look after her family. But it is impossible for them to do this, if they are never at home.

Miss Sprightly. But, Mademoiselle, the rich have servants to look after their family; and I always thought that only poor women were obliged to look after their families.

Mademoiselle. Indeed, my dear, you are very much mistaken. God never said, that the rich should not eat their bread by the sweat of their brow. Every body ought to work; it is a duty incumbent upon all; and to take care of the family is as much the duty of a lady of quality as that of a tradesman's wife. Nay, even supposing idleness to be no sin, yet ladies should always employ themselves in the management of their houses. Always remember this, my dear children. Though you were ever so rich, yet if you did not look into your affairs yourselves, your servants would, perhaps, cheat you: your tradesmen would agree with them, and
over-

overcharge every thing, and you would perhaps be reduced to poverty; and nothing is more ridiculous and shameful, than to be reduced to poverty by one's own mismanagement and imprudence. Every body scorns such poor people as these, and they are despised instead of being pitied.

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